ough tests have been made and the conclusion is that the older the cement rock is the harder it becomes. The roof of the new Stangenwald building is of cement, as are also the floors, and for some time this has been a popular process in the construction of roofs and floors.

That the business men of the mainland cities have faith in "poured" buildings is evidenced by many handsome structures already completed or now being built. One of the most beautiful new churches in Brooklyn is of stately decorative design and is done entirely in cement stone, and a new court house and jail in one of the New York counties are just now in process of being "poured."

What Edison Says.

In the last few months the "poured" method of building has had a champion in the person of no one else than Thomas A. Edison. For once that veteran inventor has assumed a new role, that of prophet. Cement and steel, he declares, are to be the building materials of the future." Skyscrapers will be built of frameworks of steel, with walls of cement, the steelwork incased in cement as well. All the small dwelling houses that are to come will be of "poured" cement. "They will 'pour a house' then," says Mr. Edison.

In view of what has already been accomplished in building with concrete this is exceedingly interesting. 'Pouring a house" is, of course, one of Mr. Edison's catchy, clever phrases, not quite accurate, but suggestive. Unless he himself somewhat improves the present process, houses will not quite be "poured," although very nearly so. Now they are "dumped," the barrows of cement shot into the forms through a funnel like arrangement, the mass then tamped or pounded down. Even in the molding of "stone" (imitation) ornaments the concrete is never quite liquid.

"My impression," said Mr. Edison, "is that the time will come when every contractor will have standard forms of houses, twenty or thirt yvarieties. The forms will be made of wood, and a contractor using one of the standard shapes will simply go out and 'pour' a house. There will probably be hundreds of designs. The contractors will put up their concrete mixer and have their beams and forms ready. They will pour the form for the first story, and so on. To do that all they will require will be common labor, a few men and one boss. That is what I think will be done eventually. And such a house can be made very cheaply. It seems to me that there will not be much use for carpenters then. There will be cabinetmakers, to be sure. Why, even the floors and stairs will be made of concrete."

Beautiful Columns Possible.

Pillars and columns and foundations are molded in like manner as the wall, the concrete poure din each case into a wooden box that is precisely the size and shape desired. The inner surface o fthe boards is smeared with soft soap, and after the concrete has firmly set a fe wsmart blows with a hammer knock them away cleanly, leaving the pier intact.

Making floors in this new direction of building is a curious operation. There are a number of processes applied, all with the design of strengthening. Concrete as a building material is strong in compression but weak in tension. Thus in constructing these floors that are to carry heavy weights, and in wall building as well, one plan is to embed in the cement tension rods or binders, lengths of twisted iron or steel, that will take the tension from the artificial stone.

These rods, to the number of many dozen, are laid in the concrete as it is being heaped up. They are not joined together, but simply spread out loosely. The concrete, biting into them, makes them part of its mass, a solid structure that takes up a good portion of the strain.

With all the materials necessary for use in the "pouring" process, the chances are very promising for the adoption generally of the new idea in Honolulu. Brick builders will have to look well to their laurels, for the new competitor will have the advantage of rapidity, inexpensiveness and novelty. The new process has been shown to be thoroughly reliable, and with so many advantages over the old it is very sure to become popular in Hawaii.

A Striking Contrast.

From the Kansas City Star.

The simple solemnity and the profound pathos of the induction of Mr. Roosevelt into the office of President cannot fail to impress the people at home and abroad who read the story of the ceremonial. Nothing could have been more in keeping with the peculiar circumstances that the assumption of the rulership of the mightiest nation in the world, in the home of a private citizen, in the presence of a group of tearful officials of the Government and friends and representatives of the press. The contrast between heralds in obsolete costumes blowing fanfares in the streets of London, to announce that England had a new sovereign, and the scene at Buffalo, was something that exemplified in a striking way the spirit of our republican institutions. It is no wonder that Secretary Root found it difficult to speak and that the tears ran down his cheeks. It was a trying moment for all present, and for Mr. Root more than all. It was one of those memorable occasions when the necessary thought for the living was associated with tender sorrow for the dead, and everybody involved in the great ordeal bore himself as became a citizen of the world's grandest republic.

Emotional Impracticables.

From the New York Times.

Senator Dolliver has made a fitting answer to the many wild schemes now promulgated by orators and writers, who forget that measures of irresponsible despotism are out of place in a modern republic, even though the object of the measure is the crushing of vermin like the anarchists. Senator Dolliver knows better, and so does every one else, in and out of pulpits, who thinks before he speaks and realizes the value of freedom, even though, like other good things, it can be and is abused.

Summer in the Far South

From the New York Sun.

GETTING comfortably through the summer season is a fine art at the South. The phenomenal suns have generated a succession of philosophers in all walks of life. And adepts in heat-bearing take a lively interest in their pet theories of doing and not doing under sweltering conditions. Even the cottonfield plough hand has certain tried beliefs to go by.

"Soon in the mornin' before I gets regular hetted through I 'speriences the weather," he will tell you, "but as the sun gits higher and I begin to prespire I'a all right. It's when you ain't prespire that the heat outdo you. The sun uncommonly good for people lessen they don't res' off none 'tall in the 12 o'clock time. I resses off good two hours, regular workin' days, and the hottest sun ain't never touch me yet. 'Tain good for people to keep to de shade. They must git out in the sun and boil and steam off; then they keep healthy."

There are conflicting theories put forth by people who do not have to contend with the sun as the field-hand does. Opinions as to the wearing of many or few clothes, the drinking of much or little water, the consuming of frequent or few iced drinks, the advisability of exercise or no exercise. There are womed who keep a fan swinging all the time and men also who believe faithfully in the palmetto leaf as a comfort giver and who go to bed nightly with a turkey tail propped behind the pillow in case of need. On the other hand, many denounce the fan as a banisher of tranquillity and pride themselves for standing discomfort without fluster.

The "resen off," however, is an assuager generally agreed on and universally adopted. The household takes by instinct to the siesta, real or feigned, after the midday meal—the master and mistress, the wee toddler and the stranger that is within the gate.

"I'll get you a light, cool wrapper and a book," the hostess says to her guests at the witching hour; and whether she will or whether she wont the guest is left to her own diversions.

Sometimes it happens that the shadows have lenghtened well on toward evening before one by one, the household becomes visible. Any version of summer time south of Mason and Dixon's line would be incomplete without reference to these languorous hours of indolence—hours spent behind green blinds, occasionally watching the breezes sudding about outside, and thinking how tantalizing they are to lock so cool and blow so warm, and listening to the call of the patridge sounding clear and full over the fields. There may be hammocks in the piazza and under the garden trees, but—and this is a secret—even that degree of convention demanded by an upper piazza hammock is more than human nature can stand. The great need is to get rid of all superfluous of apparel and convention.

On such afternoons things might be cooked with convenience on the western piazza: the pitch is oozing out of the pine, everything is steeped, saturated and rarified in heat and the spirit that is in young and old, as the prayer book has it, droops and fades. There is nothing for it but to give up and lose hold of time for a space, courting either the land of genuine dreams or the imaginings of other minds set forth in printed story.

Everything invites to drowsiness. The bees and the big flies and yellow jackets drone a lullaby. Even the leaves and vine tendrils seem dozing. The cook takes cat naps in her domain, the washerwoman in hers. Quiet reigns on the premises and if any intruder ventures near, the house dog knows better than to raise his voice at this sacred hour, and merely looks disapproval.

"A vagrant demoralizing habit," says some one; "a procedure upsetting to every rule of proper outdoor housekeeping. It makes twice as much work for people to be going to bed twice in the twenty-four hours."

That may be, but there are living arguments to prove that this napping by daylight, this stealing whose solid working hours out of the calendar, is wise and economical. The wife of a cotton planter, who looks so young and fresh that she smiles when she shows a stranger the likeness of her great a granddaughter, assigns this middy rest as the reason for her youthful appearance.

"And I am sure it is that that has kept Mr. B. in health," she adds. "From the early spring until October we rest in the afternoon. I discovered early my housekeeping that with a little pains the servants and children could be made to understand that the afternoon nap was not to be broken in upon."

"And if you have guests who do not care to lie down at that hour, what do you do?" is asked.

"I recommend the practice, and if they prefer to sit up, I hunt up something for them to amuse themselves with during my absence. Of course, if they are very great strangers who I fear might regard my leaving them as a discourtesy, I refrain, but we seldom entertain anybody with whom we must be on terms of such strict etiquette. That is, unless some public function makes it imperative that we receive strangers."

"And you stay here at the place all the summer?"

"Always. The summer is just the most inconvenient time for a planter to get away from home. Besides we could not be as comfortable anywhere else. Mr. B. likes his 10 o'clock tea made in a particular way when he comes in from his morning ride over the crops, and wants his early breakfast and certain dishes and regular comforts that he would miss elsewhere. We find that if it is company we want, it is much better to have people visit us than to rush about hunting them up. We have always cultivated the staying-at-home habit."

Perhaps no better exponent of summertime in the South could be found than this serenely contented grandmother, sitting on the shady porch above her rose garden, garbed in the white gowns she always wears. She fans herself placidly with her Morocco-bound feather fan, while she gives household directions or talks to some life-long friend.

"I read in the papers about the hot waves and sunstrokes of higher latitudes," she says, "and I really believe, after all, that our long-drawn-out summer is as comfortable as any. The secret is in being used to a thing and being fixed for it. When May comes each year everything in the house is changed round with a view to coolness and openness.

"There is oo much summer down South. In the language of a black sage of the land—a strong, young sage not yet touched with cynicism—It's hard to keep it down. Seems like everything want to outdo itself with puttin' out and flowerin' and lookin' pretty, 'stead of keepin' steady and bearin' crop.

"It is his cotton and corn that the sage has in mind when he says this, his cotton that threatens to make all stalk and leaf, and his corn apt to tower aloft at the expense of the size of the grain. But one recalls the smile of 'everything outdoing itself' when passing through forest and swamp where nature is at flood-tide, the main furnishings all complete, and everything that has wings, fins or feet, everything that grows, is decked off in best apparel speaking out in such fashion as it may, and flourishing to the top of its bent.

Summer time at the South means boating parties and open air fetes and moonlit nights besides, when earth seems baptized anew and nature's pulses stir with something so near akin to adoration that the mocking bird wakens in her nest and is moved to sing about it. The mocking bird knows it all, and trills it out almost as eloquently in the broad noonday, as at 2 o'clock in the morning to the tender mystery of the moon. She sings it over in the "quarter" and the black-skinned lassies and "mammies" come out of their bed to listen, and the rough ploughmen as well.

There is something in the Southern summer night that forces wakefulness. The negroes seldom sleep or even lie down the entire night, through. To use their own phrase—"The love to git up and stir 'bout" and this habit accounts for their knowledge of wind and weather, their weird prophesying, and talk about jack-o-lanterns, queer something that they see; the meanings that they give to the owls hooting and the bull-bats' behavior at certain times and under certain circumstances.

One may have lived in Texas and visited in Georgia, have had a glimpse of Mississippi and Alabama and be fully aware of the variations in clime and circumstance embraced in the term South, yet in writing of summer in that region the particular slice of country or strip of shore where most of one's summer have been spent will get the most attention. It was evidently meant that people should take in things only in part. One may know where the river rises and where it empties and may have seen it variously as it goes on its course, but the one little span of it that the eye can grasp at once is limited, the rest is only in the mind's larger vision. So summer in the South is associated with a stretch of sea-girted shore with surf warm and luxurious tossing on the beach and palms and oleander bushes set well back among white mounds of heaped-up sand, and houses blindfolded with awnings and long-slatted piazzas—a place where the breeze blows perpetually, and the sun shines remorselessly, and everybody eats and drinks and sleeps as people must have eaten and drunk and slept in primeval times before cars came into the world and taught that there was such a thing as indigestion and such a bug-bear as insomnio.

"I had no idea that there was a spot as cool as this anywhere in the South," said a little New Haven woman whose husband, a civil engineer, was engaged in Government work about this particular harbor. "I dreaded so having to be here in the hot months and all my friends predicted that I would suffer, but I have not been uncomfortably hot a single minute.

"And I have learned for the first time to enjoy sea bathing," she added. "I have tried the surf on the Massachusetts coast and been so cold that my teeth chattered. Some days there we could not go in at all. Here the water is so warm that one reve's in it, yet it is cool enough to be refreshing. But," she went on, "I never knew before that the sun could glare so fiercely. I wear this enormous shade hat all the time, indoors and out and have grown so used to it that I am actually afraid I shall forget sometimes and go to dinner with it on."

This was the verdict regarding heat at a Southern resort in midsummer, whose name locally is construed into a synonym for breeziness and health.

There is another phase of the picture in mind, however, of closed-in morning rooms in Southern city houses, or bedrooms where mosquito bars large enough to cover the greater part of the apartment wend down and outspread from the central feature, bars lace bordered, lofty, capable of taking in one crib or even two, beside the big bed, if there be toddlers in the family. Not that the little ones might not have their own veilings, but because the getting out of the tucked-in arbors for the administering of soothing syrups or nourishment would inevitably let in the torments, lurking without. The Southern mosquito is as insistent and insidious as ever his Jersey cousin was. There are types of him, thin and gray, black and pudgy, poisonous and non-poisonous, musical and less musical all in league with the gnats and sandflies to make life interesting. The seacoast Southerner is familiar with all the types and even professes to be able to recognize the premeditative song of each. He can tell you also whether it is best to kill a gray mosquito when he first lights on your hand or wrist or wait until he has haunched himself and partly withdrawn the sting. All these things are known to the student of comfort-keeping ethics in the hot summer time at the South.

SMOKING BY WOMEN.

Practiced by Fashionables in France, Germany and Belgium.

The London Mail has been carrying on an investigation with regard to the practice of smoking by women. Inquiles as to how the question is viewed in other countries brought forth some interesting facts:

"Smoking among women in France is, it seems, far more prevalent than is generally supposed. There a lady of fashion no longer apologizes to her guests for lighting a cigarette after dinner, and even as an accompaniment to 5 o'clock tea a golden-tipped Egyptian cigarette is frequently indulged in by fair Parisiennes. Russian women, we are told, who inhabit the capital are largely responsible for the growing taste of tobacco among the grandes dames of Paris. It is interesting to hear that at the leading couturieres boxes of fragrant cigarettes are kept in stock to help madame to pass the time agreeably while being fitted.

"'In Germany,' according to a Berlin inquirer, 'feminine emancipation is not sufficiently advanced to make the practice of smoking among ladies very prevalent. In certain circles and the smart restaurants, however, many women have been seen with cigarettes, and even cigars. Among the middle and working classes it is safe to say that scarcely a woman would think of smoking except for fun. But there is one class of feminine society that greatly affects the cigarette and that is financial ladies engaged in speculation.'

"In Belgium, it seemsfi among the better-class ladies an after-dinner cigarettes is not at all tabooed, and among the feminine frequenters of the boulevard cafes smoking is fairly common but in other cafes the practice is forbidden by the proprietors."

A Typical South African Store.

O. R. Larson, of Bay Villa, Sundays River, Cape Colony, conducts a store typical of South Africa, at which can be purchased anything from the proverbial "needle to an anchor." This store is situated in a valley nine miles from the nearest railway station and about twenty-five miles from the nearest town. Mr. Larson says: "I am favored with the custom of farmers within a radius of thirty miles, to many of whom I have supplied Chamberlain's remedies. All testify to their value in a household where a doctor's advice is almost out of the question. Within one mile of my store the population is perhaps sixty. Of these, within the past twelve months, no less than fourteen have been absolutely cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. This must surely be a record." For sale by all druggists and dealers. Benson, Smith & Co. agents for Hawaii.